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THE MOUNTAIN PROSPECT.

ONE of the loveliest regions of the South is to be found near Jocassee, a valley famous for its natural beauties, and no less for its legendary histories, in South Carolina. A glorious range of mountains on either hand makes a close valley, or three valleys in one, so many links of a chain, forming as exquisite a scene, as remarkable a retreat for the wounded heart, as the world may show anywhere. Within five miles the Jocassee river makes two glorious cascades, three miles asunder, each of which has a fall of more than three hundred feet. A sea of mountains spreads everywhere around, the illusion of the ocean being perfect. You absolutely see the white caps of the sea as they flash from the tops of the blue billows in the distance, while isolated elevations seem the great ships, subdued to littleness, half buried in ingulfing waves, and struggling on, reeling and rocking in the strife with eternal waters, roused and raging in all their might.

I.

'Tis glorious all! Here Nature weds
Her mightiest forms to haughtiest heads,
And o'er each brow a halo sheds!

Here, throned within her thunder peaks,
Against the sky she leans her cheeks,
And mocks the lightning as it wrecks

Its wrath upon her sovereign towers;—
Clad in her simplest robe of flowers,
And all unmoved, through saddest hours!

Here, lavish of her beauties still,
She bids her blooms the valleys fill,
And o'er her rock she pours her rill:

Relieves, with swelling steeps, the plain,
Smooths rocky height to vale again,
And through it sends a silvery vein;

That now, like serpent crouch'd in coil,
Winds silent on, in search of spoil—
Now stretch'd at length as if from toil!

II.

Anon, her murmur takes the ear.
Beyond the mountain ledge, that sheer,
Colossal stands, a silent Fear!

And, o'er it foaming, silver white,
The cataract leaps, a sheeted spire,
Singing a chaunt of fierce delight—

As if of Freedom!—as it goes.
From conquering conflict to repose,
In meadows where each wild flower blows.

III.

Thus, from the embrace of Terror, glide
The forms of Beauty, side by side,
And crown with Love the heights of Pride!

Thus, hallowing all the gloom, they grow
To Deities of grace—and glow,
Wrapt on their heights, with living Bow,

That, from the sun, through bluest skies,
Still catches all their gorgeous dyes,
And soothes the sad to human eyes!

The foaming torrent leaps through groves
That might have gladden'd Sadi's loves;—
Then, meek, o'er quiet valley roves.

As if, by spells of Love subdued,
It straight forgot each mountain fend;
Content, no longer wild and rude,

To drink in odors from the vale,
And 'quite the flowers, with pretty tale,
Of mountain griefs—the angry wall

O'er hostile crags, and stubborn bounds
Of rock, that watery force confounds—
And desperate leap that still astounds!

IV.

Ah! wandering lone—away from men,
To see great height and gloomy glen,
And pierce the skies with thoughtful ken—

To feel the eager soul upspring,
Buoyant, as born for rivalling
The mountain Eagle's mighty wing—

Track the great billowy range of height,
That rolls in surge, with scalps of white,
'Till vision stops itself in flight—

Make pictures with the mind and eye,
Of Titan wall and arching sky,
And watch their phantoms fit and fly;—

Like things that revel in the shade,
When, as of old, the gods array'd
The woods—and fawns and satyrs play'd!

Or, 'neath the giant summits brood,
Upon the Christian God—the mood
That fashion'd worlds, and call'd them good:—

That made them frightful to the thought,
And show'd how wonders might be wrought,
By will and majesty untaught:—

And gaze beyond, to realms that seem,
The abode of mystery and dream;
With ever and anon, a gleam,

To cheer the doubt, and light the dark,
Illume, though still with moment spark:—
The dove that issued from the ark!—

Beyond, where, seeking heavenly groves,
Eternal chase, and fruitful loves,
The Red man's simple fancy roves;—

Where still—once leapt the precipice—
The gulph which erring step shall miss—
He wins the realms of perfect bliss!—

A fancy not more vain than ours,
Though born of feebler aims and powers—
Both fancies seeking peaceful bowers!

V.

Ah! thus to dream, o'er cliff and height,
Great range of sea, with ships in sight,
The sun thrown back from sails of white;—

Green fields below, that still persuade
The happy song, of bird or maid,
And Astrea smiling in the shade;—

And thousand charms with these, that tell
Of nymph and dryad; brook and dell,
Each hallowed with a crowning spell!

The common earth, meanwhile—the towers,
As well as vales, all pranked with flowers,—
That sing and laugh away the hours;

The glad young waters, leaping free,
Still catching rainbows as they flee,
And bound, through beams eternally;

With none beside, the bliss to share,
The soul to answer; and, to hear,
When, in my joy, I murmur, "There!

"How Beautiful!"—To feel no breast
Exulting, with mine own to rest,
In crags above the Eagle's nest;—

And watch with me the wondrous show,
The gorgeous vision, passing slow
Through blue above and green below!

VI.

This robs from charin in earth and skies!
We ask to see with kindred eyes,
And rapture's self demands replies;—

Echoes from genial founts—a voice,
That, fashioned by our spirit's choice,
Sings out, when we would say, "Rejoice!"

VII.

Would I might summon one to see,
And drink the vision in with me—
One dear one, dear exceedingly!

To whose young heart mine own might say
"This is a God-appointed day,
And all the world is out at play.

"And we will cunningly devise
To see these sports of earth and skies,
Each looking through the other's eyes."

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

THE defect of modern Art is in its spirit, not in its form. Nothing would be gained now by going back to the subjects of former days, and painting Nativities, Riposos, and Martyrdoms. The time has passed by when these were the forms into which men's noblest thoughts naturally threw themselves, and to try to express thus the feelings of the present age is just to put new wine into old bottles. Every attempt of the kind has been a failure, and must continue to be so. Even when Hunt painted the "Light of the World" he took a great step in a wrong direction. The picture was perhaps the best work of modern genius, and was in certain respects quite different from anything that had been done before; but at present, and for all future time, it is a mistake to attempt to paint the face of Christ any more. There is no external form that will in the least represent the internal idea, such as it has now become. The subject has passed out of the sphere of Art, and should be at once abandoned.—*National Magazine*.

WOMAN NATIONALLY CONSIDERED.

THE IRISH WOMAN.

THE Irish are the victims of a geographical fatality. They should have taken up their abode in the gipsy districts of Andalusia, or in the lazzaroni quarters of Sicily, or among the warm-hearted talkers of the Gasconne, and not in the matter-of-fact regions of Anglo-Saxon lands! The fact of a band of impulsive southerners, full of sentiment, pitching their tents upon the hard material soil of Britain, can only be accounted for by the same law of opposites which induces a poetical girl to fall in love with a cold-hearted man of keen intellect, or which attracts a man of soaring mind towards a gay, trifling, insipid woman. Or, perchance it was that the Irish desired to go to a country where their dreamy nature might be strengthened through communion with a practical neighbor. Yet the apprenticeship which weak nations have to serve under the mastership of stronger neighbors is full of hardship and sadness. The weak enlist sympathy always. We never sympathize with the teacher who inflicts chastisement upon his pupil. In most cases we sympathize with the pupil. Who ever thinks of pitying Albion? She is strong: we feel that if all the diamonds are wrested from her crown, she has sufficient recuperative buoyancy and energy to outlive the loss, and to begin afresh upon her career of universal commercial plunder. But Ireland we cannot refrain from pitying. Only think of Neapolitan lazzaroni revelling in a life of indolence and gaiety, sentenced to hard labor for life upon a farm in Tipperary. Dirty potatoes instead of *frutti del mare*; a low-back car instead of the rattling *calèche*; John Bull as overseer instead of a benignant padre; stony looks instead of friendly caresses; hard taxes instead of brotherly feeling. The fogs of the British Channel whistling in the throat of the Irishman, smothering his feelings, strangling the expression of his sentiment, putting a stop to his reveries, giving the death-blow to his poesy. "Don't stand lazy there," cry a thousand coarse Anglo-Saxon voices. "You cannot get one single loaf of bread with your sentiment." "Go to work." "Learn how to turn an honest penny." "Work!" "Work!" "Work!" "Don't dream!" "Work!" "Work!" "Work!" "Work!"

In this wise the poor fellows have been put to work for the last five hundred years or so; but a most unsatisfactory result comes of this burlesque attempt to drill Celtic day-dreamers into practical Saxons; a phenomenon of civilization has been produced which almost defies philosophic analysis. We shall presently come to the Irish woman; but we must first glance at the circumstances that have presided over the formation of her character. We speak only now of the great masses of the Irish people, such as chiefly come to this country, and such as are in one sense mentally inferior to the children of culture. The cultivated Irish will be treated separately. We will first dispose of the masses. Upon their character we find